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Ladakh women rubbing oil out of apricot stones on flat boulders.

586 money: One "coat lappet full" of money, that is, a certain sum of money which is to be put into the lappet of the long coat (t'o-sgaṅ) and is to be handed over in this manner. The concept to-sgaṅ points to the fact that the fine was originally a very high one. But the concept is extremely flexible and accordingly it is usually stretched--or shrunk--a great deal. In Tibet, too, there frequently prevails a "double standard" for man and woman. A proverb states, in the conciseness characteristic of the Tibetan language: "Man--coat lappet--cow; woman--coat lappet--horse"; that is to say, the man who breaks up the marriage pays as compensation the price of a cow; the woman in the corresponding case pays approximately threefold price of a horse. Often one party maliciously leaves the other and does not think of paying a sum of money as compensation. Then there are violent disputes between the families and the tribes of the persons involved, as well as protracted litigations in court.

ooo In comparison to this, the relationship between the young couple Namgyal and Chosskyid was distinguished very favorably by the fact that here each party was attached to the other by warm affection. Namgyal guarded his "migbras" (the apple of his eye) with love and with a wakeful eye and Chosskyid /119/ as time went by became increasingly a faithful helpmate and support to him in all his duties.

511 With respect to outward signs of good fortune, that is, material goods, Kubera, the god of wealth, had not provided the Dragshos family too liberally, according to the concept of their Tibetan neighbors and acquaintances. Despite their elegant descent they were nothing but farmers whose modest wealth consisted of their possession in the fields and cattle. Aside from fields and clover meadows the family owned three horses, a number of cows, a few yak oxen and donkeys, fifty odd sheep, and some goats as well as chickens. Cash was always quite scarce with them as it is with all Tibetan farmers. The money as a rule just sufficed for the payment of the heavy taxes, for the purchase of the greatest necessities, insofar as these could not be supplied by their own farm. The latter was, luckily, the case to a very large degree. Wheat, barley, and buckwheat were supplied by their fields. The grain [252] was ground at one of the small water mills by the brook; it was sifted through a sieve made of horse hair, and in this manner they obtained a coarse, nourishing flour. Apricots mature in the hot summer sun of

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of all vegetation except red, yellow, and gray lichens and a few of the sturdy saxifrage.

At one time there had been a serai at Zing Zing Bar with rock walls and a galvanized iron roof stretched on steel rafters. But the weight of snow had crushed the serai, making it uninhabitable. I found a level spot in the vast rock field where I put my bedroll. And after inflating my air mattress and getting everything in condition for the night, I joined the muleteers.

They had piled some of our baggage in the form of an L to provide a windbreak, and they had a fire of mule dung going. They were making tea, a tea unlike anything we of the West know. It is called *gur gur cha*. The correct and proper way to make it is to brew the tea (which is kept in a bag) the day before, adding a pinch of soda and letting it simmer until it has a pinkish tinge. The next day put the brew in a churn, add salt and yak butter (*gie*), and mix thoroughly. Then heat the mixture until it is piping hot and serve.

Rup Singh omitted the first step. He had a tall, cylindrical, wooden churn in which, with the use of a plunger, he mixed water, salt, and yak butter. After the butter was dissolved he poured the contents of the churn into the teapot. When the tea had boiled, it was ladled out in cups. It sounds repulsive and sometimes is, when the yak butter is rancid. But Rup Singh's *gur gur cha* was good. A cold wind was sweeping down from Baralacha, chilling us. The *gur gur cha* seemed to have a special warmth. It was nourishing too. We sat in silence for perhaps a quarter hour sipping it.

Then the muleteers ate their supper. They had a sack of flour made from barley that is cut when slightly green, then baked and ground. This flour is carried in every caravan that travels Lahul, Ladakh, or Tibet. It is the mainstay of each meal along the trail. My muleteers ate it in the customary manner—they put a handful of it in a cup of *gur gur cha* and stirred it up until

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it made a thick paste. This is the famous dish that is called *sattu* in Ladakh and *tsamba* in Tibet. My muleteers ate it with spoons, as we would eat porridge. Ram Chand had a method of his own. He mixed the paste so thick that he could dish it out with one finger as if it were cake dough.

This was the muleteers' dinner—*gur gur cha* and *sattu*. It was dinner in every caravan that was camped along the trails of the high Himalayas. It was Rup Singh's dinner every night during our trek—every night except the time we bought eggs and chickens and the day we were presented with rabbits as big as any in Arizona or New Mexico. *Gur gur cha* and *sattu* were also breakfast for the muleteers. But at breakfast they would also have *chapattis*, and each morning they would bake enough of them for lunch along the trail.

I talked to Rahul about the monotony of that diet. He agreed that it was monotonous, a monotony which the Lahulis, Ladakhis, and Tibetans try to break as frequently as possible with meat. "But it is a nutritious diet," he said. "*Gur gur cha* and *sattu* carry most of the natives over the Himalayas. There is energy in it. And look at their teeth! *Gur gur cha* and *sattu* may be flat and dull but they do not cause tooth decay."

I lay in my sleeping bag in the rock cairn at Zing Zing Bar watching the sky. Earlier I had seen a dipper teetering on a rock by the Bhaga River. Now a gray-backed shrike raced by. A few clouds showed in the west. Venus rode the skyline briefly to reappear hours later in Oregon. A wave of homesickness swept over me as I relived wonderful sunset hours in the Wallowas. Then Venus was gone. The wind died down and a whole host of miller moths descended on me, whirling around my head. They visited me very briefly, leaving as quickly and as mysteriously as they had arrived. Thousands of strange stars gradually appeared. A shoulder of Baralacha to the north blotted out the Big Dipper, though I thought I saw the end of its familiar handle sticking out above a lofty range. The stars kept coming out until it

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injured, he was given the *coup de grâce* with the business end of a riding-crop.

Horses and men being rather tired, we decided to give them a rest day, which we began by extracting two cataracts and excising a large tumour, following which medicines were dispensed. The sahibs being thus engaged, the servants took the opportunity of having a baking day, so as to substitute bread for the chupattis with which they had now provided us for some days. Baking in this part of the world is an interesting process. First the dough is made with leaven, placed in a covered tin, and put into the sun to ferment, but if there is no sunshine, it is kept warm by covering it with all the bedding of the servants, and wise is the sahib who does not scrutinize this covering too closely, remembering rather that what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve over. While the dough is rising, the oven must be prepared. The walls of this are made of large dry plaques of cow manure, and the roof of a big slab of the same material. The latter interested us, and we inquired how it was procured. We were told that throughout the whole winter the stables are not cleared out, but the continual stamping of animals and men makes quite a hard floor of manure, which is cut out in large chunks in the spring. But if we wait too long for these explanations, our bread will be sour. The oven itself is now set on fire, and by the time the dough is ready the whole thing is glowing splendidly. The dough in its covered tin is placed inside, and a door of glowing dung closes the oven. The resulting bread is all one can wish! Having cooked the bread, the fire still functions, for on it the servants' Sunday dinner is cooked. A sheep has been killed for the sahibs, and the servants receive the head as their perquisite. The head, with hair, eyes, brain and everything intact, is placed in the fire of manure, the hair burns off, and a meal, fit for a Ladaki king at any rate, emerges.

On again next day over the "Sengela" or "lion pass."

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as if they might be playing a sheepish musical chairs. Actually they have been tied neck to neck, but with alternate heads looking in opposite directions, resulting in such a mix-up of horns, that it looks as though they would never sort out their own again. They are being milked, which done, they are freed by the simple expedient of pulling the end of the rope, when they come undone like a piece of knitting. Looking around the camp we notice sixteen little fires made of *ayug*, the dry root which is found on the mountains, whence also the dried dung is collected for fuel. Round the nearest fire, on which Ladaki tea is boiling, sit four Ladakis; at the side of each lies his bag of barley-flour. From the folds of their ample coats they pull their silver-lined wooden cups. These are filled, and kept filled from the teapot by means of a wooden ladle. Instead of flavouring it with sugar, they take out of small bags some butter to add to their tea, and there is no need to ask "Have you put butter in my tea?" for the appetizing layer of grease floating on the top loudly proclaims the fact. Having quenched their thirst, each man fills his cup with some raw flour from his bag, adds sufficient tea to make a thick paste, and then eats it with his fingers. You ask me how they can possibly enjoy such coarse fare, and I can only reply that judging from their laughter, they evidently do. Whilst we, shivering with cold, stand watching this dinner party, a Changpa strolls up from the river with a can of water. He seems to find the heat oppressive, for he has slipped his right arm out of his sleeve, leaving arm, shoulder and side of chest bare to the gentle breeze. How complex has become our civilization! The Ladaki needs but some dry flour, a little tea, and, with one rug to cover himself by night, is quite happy. If not, he simply takes off his day clothes, which then serve him as blankets by night. If the cold is really bitter three, four, five, six, or even more, sleep together, giving one another warmth. Presumably they do not say "Last in bed puts out the light," but "Last

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child or perhaps by a mother with one or two children in her wake. A few houses are also scattered here and there among the fields, while in a larger village, many families have also a "country seat." This *yarsa*, or summer-place, usually consists of a small hut with a stable below, and a kitchen-room above, leading on to a balcony or flat roof. These may be on the outskirts of the village, or a mile or two up the valley behind. Anywhere on the hillsides, not too far distant from the rest of the community, where a spring or brook is available to water a small patch of cultivated land, these *yarsas* may be found, while in a large village such as Kalatse a considerable proportion of the population move in the summer away to the hills, taking their cattle with them to the so-called *brogs*.

Coming back to the village one often notices a little roofed balcony placed over the front-door, containing its three miniature *chortens*, coloured red, white and blue, with its demoniacal gods crudely painted on the wall behind. Near the house a young girl may be seen with a small stone in her hands pressing out the oil of apricot-kernels on a large flat boulder with a hole in the middle, into which the fluid runs. This oil is used for cooking purposes, for dressing the hair, and for burning in the little vessels before the altar. On the high road we have met in early summer donkeys and ponies loaded with sackfuls of these apricot kernels, proceeding down to Kashmir to sell them for the same purposes. They come from Baltistan, where the best apricots of this part of the world grow, and one can picture the inhabitants sitting out in the winter sunshine, when there is no field-work to occupy them, and cracking open the innumerable stones necessary to fill all these sacks with kernels. The seeds of a species of mustard plant are used for the same three purposes, though the mustard-oil is not so strong as that of the apricot.

In the house of the headman of the village, and in many of the better-class homes of the town, one room is dedicated as a little private chapel, used chiefly by the master of the house

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fitting a series of short horizontal boards into the slots cut in the sides of the framework. The big family stove is built of a special black mud, deposited at the bottoms of rivers or streams, or dug from under the damp turf on their banks, which becomes very hard when dried. The stove is roughly square in form, with a hole at two or more corners round which the hard mud is raised into three upward projections, thus supporting the local rounded cooking-pots. These are made of copper and tinned over by the local blacksmith. We Europeans have to be very careful to have this lining kept intact to avoid copper poisoning, but one often finds the Ladaki brewing his tea in a pot from which all traces of tin have long ago vanished. Perhaps this is why we are so often upset when we accept invitations to meals in their houses. In front of the stove on the right-hand side is a projection of the same hardened mud, which is to accommodate the right-hand of the "fire blower," as he operates on the bellows. These are very effective instruments with a large nozzle pushed well under the glowing fuel, and an elongated bag of goat-skin at the outer end of which two small bars of wood are attached, with small loops of strongly-twisted thread in the middle. Through these the thumb and fingers are placed to open and close the mouth, and though it sounds and looks a simple process a certain knack must be acquired to get a good fire. Children of the house often keep it going, but the fire-blower is generally a sooty-faced, ragged woman servant, the counterpart of the old scullery-maid in the West. The stove has a large central tunnel with branches radiating out to the corner holes, and in the middle is a depression for the biggest hole of all.

Here the large pot of butter-tea is generally brewing. The tea, of which the best variety comes from Lhasa (where it is used as coinage) in bricks, is stewed for some hours, then mixed up in a special churn, phonetically named a *gurgur*, with butter, soda, salt and milk. Some writers have said our

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Tibetan friends prefer rancid butter, but in Ladak at any rate, those who can afford to be so are most particular that the butter shall be fresh, never melted previously, and without a strong smell. The resulting concoction to us tastes more like soup, and few Westerners can stand more than one or two cups without disastrous results. For the Tibetan on the other hand it is one of his staple foods, its butter helps to supply the carbo-hydrates which he so rarely takes in the form of sugar, though he gets plenty of starch from his uncooked barley-flour, mixed with water or tea. The fat also warms and sustains him in the bitter winter, and as this separates out if allowed to cool but slightly, his cup is supplied with a metal lid and saucer if he moves in better circles, and his wife or attendant constantly adds hot tea as soon as there is any room to fill up. In this way over twenty cupfuls may be taken at one midday meal. For us it is a very trying custom when we visit our Ladaki friends, and we have to explain that, just as much of our tea (fortunately for us !) upsets them, so our internal economy can only deal with a small supply of their favourite beverage ! Another difficulty for us is to sit cross-legged on the floor for so long, and, although we know it is bad manners to stretch out legs, eventually when stiff knees or needles and pins become intolerable, we have to ask our host or hostess to excuse the position. To return to the fireplace —we find the seats of election are on the side of the stove opposite the bellows, for here is a little trough into which the hot ashes are pushed through from the other side, as aeration necessitates. Squatting cross-legged on mats round these hot embers, which can be constantly raked over with a rough fire-spoon or even the hardened fingers of our native friends, we can stretch our hands out over the warmth, and renew the glowing vitality by occasionally leaning over to give a few good blows. This cosy corner is, of course, the warmest at night, and given to either the weakest or most distinguished member of the household. The Doctor Memsahib once had

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of the customs concerned in the partaking thereof. The better class Ladaki always washes his face and hands before eating. The Buddhist also performs his particular kind of grace before meals. First he takes a little of his flour which he throws away for the gods. Then he dips his ring-finger and thumb into his tea or *chang* (beer), and flips a taste of that away for their benefit, too. He uses the ring-finger as he considers this the cleanest of his digits, for man is born with this finger in his nose. If he wishes to stir anything, he uses this same member. If for his meal he has killed a sheep, he is supposed to offer up a bit of its heart, kidney, liver and every part of its flesh to his god. But meat is rather a luxury for the normal household, yet they have many ways of cooking it which are really delicious. When a *dron* or feast is made, the meat is of course, prepared as a very tasty curry to be eaten with rice, the meat being first fried with plenty of cooking-butter and onions, then stirred for hours till it is really tender in a well-flavoured sauce with plenty of vegetables. The rice is served, piled up on enormous plates, each of which two or three guests will attack, unless they have brought their own normal sized plates. The grander ones then eat with small spoons, the man's being a different shape from the woman's, as the latter is double, the second tiny receptacle at one end being for a child. It is not etiquette to finish up what is on the plate—in most cases it would be impossible; the mother especially must take a large portion home for the rest of the family. The feast is usually begun with butter-tea, and, if so, when the plates of rice and meat have been removed, it is quite good manners in some circles to clean out the cup with one's tongue (much more labour-saving than our ways of washing up!), ready to have it filled with stewed dried apricots. After this course, the same cleansing process will prepare the cup for more filling of butter-tea! "Chupattis," that is, round flat cakes of unleavened bread, are generally served too, and dipped into the apricot juice or the tea. At a very grand

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feast, proceedings may begin with *gyatug*, a dish of long vermicelli-like strips of flour-paste over which mincemeat in a nicely flavoured sauce is poured. Meat is also minced and made into delicious little dumplings, called *mok mok*, or well-flavoured and rolled up into sausages, which are eaten with rice—in fact in a rich house, after the plates of rice have been served, many kinds of subsidiary dishes are handed round with meat done up in different ways, sauces and vegetables, the last often soured. For a *dron* an experienced cook is hired to take charge of all the culinary operations, usually a Mussulman, otherwise one of the women of the house superintends the kitchen. But in the villages where there are no butcher shops, and a sheep is killed only occasionally, the staple food is butter-tea and barley-flour, varied with all sorts of vegetables prepared in several ways. The poorest people mix the flour in water just as it is, eating it out of cheap little wooden cups with their fingers.

An ordinary middle class family will breakfast on butter-tea and small breads, raised with leaven called *kambir* ; at midday they will have more tea, and perhaps chupattis with a sauce of vegetables, mixed with buttermilk, while in the evening, tea may or may not be served again with flour kneaded into a paste in some form or other, and mixed with meat well stewed in a broth.

More usually as the hot tea is drunk, the butter floating on the top is blown to one side, and after many cups a nice little residue is left with which to mix up the raw flour with the aid of a finger.

In summer when milk is more plentiful, its various products are much used as a food. The milk is collected into a large pot at night and warmed, some sour buttermilk being added to make it curdle. The pot is then covered with garments and blankets so as to maintain the blood-heat for proper fermentation. Some of it may be set aside to eat as *zho*, this being a kind of junket, only less insipid, especially when well

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made of creamy milk; it then has a delicious fruity flavour with a slight suggestion of wine. By early morning the *zho* in the large pot will have set, and the house-mother must rise early to churn it. She has a long instrument with leather fans on the end, which must be kept twirling in the pot, and it is a matter of some skill both to keep the curdled milk at the right temperature by adding hot or cold water, and to twist the churn at the correct rate. An experienced housewife eventually separates out a fine cone of yellow butter, while in the pot the sour buttermilk is left, the remainder of which, after having retained enough for the household's needs, is taken to the bazar to be sold. It is used for various kinds of food. Vegetables, which we would consider weeds, are collected from garden and field, washed, boiled, washed again, then kneaded, fried with onions and added to the *darra* or buttermilk. This mixture is used as a sauce with *zan* or *baba*, which is made by boiling the milled flour of roast wheat, barley and peas into a mash. The peas are like our English ones, but harder and more flavourless. The milk curds when set are also hung up in a bag, and after all the whey has dripped out and the curd dried, it is well pressed and cut into strips,—perhaps fried in butter and used in soup. From Yarkand come dried curds of horses' milk, which is also used for this purpose. Other changes in diet are afforded by mixing barley-flour into paste with a little *chang* or native beer, and allowing it to ferment. This is then dipped into and eaten with more *chang*. Another delicacy is made by mixing good butter, sugar and, perhaps, currants into a paste and eating it with chupattis like jam.

At the New Year a special dish is provided by making a round flat barley-cake, and pouring a little butter into a hole in the middle.

All this use of flour, whether of wheat or barley, presupposes the long processes of cleaning the grain, shaking it up and down on a *shupu* (a kind of straw tray), so that the loose husks blow away, and the little stones and odd bits which get

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252 swept up with it from the threshing-floor are easily separated, washing it, spreading it out in the sun to dry, watching it the while so that birds do not steal it, then sending it to the miller in large sacks, and sitting to watch it being milled so that none is stolen by him, for which cause the flour should
256 also be weighed before and after grinding. The mill itself is as effective as it is simple. Below is a large flat stone, above and resting upon it is another, connected with a paddle on which the water impinges, thus driving it. In the centre of the upper mill-stone there is a hole through which the grain drops from a cone-shaped basket, getting thus between upper and nether mill-stone. To keep the cereal running gently, a goat's horn is attached to the basket and allowed at its other end to touch the rotating stone, whose roughness keeps the basket gently shaking. A trough is dug round the edge of the circular mill-stones, and in this the flour collects. The whole is picturesquely housed in a little stone and mud hut, which is placed over a rapidly flowing watercourse, the momentum of which is increased by a sudden drop before entering the mill.

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241 light. It can easily be carried upon the shoulders and is not liable to get out of order. The iron point which contacts the furrow requires to be sharpened fairly frequently by the local blacksmith.

The ground is not much more than scratched, as it is dry and sandy, the furrow being only four or five inches from the top of the ridge to the bottom angle. The clods of earth are broken with mattocks by the women, and it is not unusual to see villagers dragging a large bundle of thorns across the field to act as a harrow.

The weeding of fields is general but by no means universal in the country, and the necessity of taking advantage of every available article of food for the cattle leads to a regular and effective method of weeding the corn fields. About three weeks after the first blades of corn have pushed through the earth, women and children overrun the fields every morning to collect the grass and weeds springing up with the grain. The stems get disturbed by the footsteps of the weeders but are never really trodden down, and they recover their erect position in a few hours after the field has been watered. Another benefit of weeding the fields is that the corn gets the full power of the soil and an access of light and air is admitted to the roots of the plants.

The cereals grown in Ladakh are barley, wheat, buckwheat, mustard seed, peas, and beans. At villages not higher than 10,000 feet above sea level it is usual to sow two crops annually. The first crop, which consists of barley, is sown on or about February 25, followed on August 25 by the sowing of a crop of buckwheat.

The order in which the various crops are sown is, first, beans, then wheat, peas, barley, mustard plant, and, lastly, buckwheat.

Barley is of two varieties, distinguished chiefly by the peculiarity of retaining or parting from the rough exterior capsule after the grain has left the ear. The first kind, called So-wa, is very much like the common barley grown in Europe. The second kind is called Shirok, of which there are five varieties—namely, (1) So Shirok, a slow or late barley; (2) Gyog Nas, quick or early barley; (3) Yangma or Yangkar, which is also early and of a whitish colour; (4) Nak Nas, black barley; (5) Drug-zur-Nas, or six-sided barley.

The husked barley has to be raised in places which are the warmest and most sheltered from the winds, and though the seeds of the Shirok can be sown in such situations the produce will be rough barley. The latter again yields naked barley at higher and colder altitudes, as in the lands round Leh (11,500 feet).

The So Shirok barley, or late barley, is sown in places where the temperature is not specially cold yet where the summer heat is not sufficient to permit the cultivation of two crops annually (one of barley and one of buckwheat).

The Gyog Nas is sown in very high altitudes (13,000 to 14,000 feet), where the days are very hot and the nights cold. It does not as a rule attain a greater height than one and a half feet.

241, 252 Nas Yangma or Yangkar is cultivated everywhere and thrives in a temperate to warm climate. It is the favourite variety of barley, as its yield is good and little inferior to wheat. The porridge made from this

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barley after it has been parched and milled into flour is extremely nutritious, by the side of which Quaker Oats is insipid.

Nak Nas, or black barley, grows at the highest altitude at which any grain can be cultivated. Though it gives a good yield its flour is objected to even by Tibetans, who are by no means fastidious, on account of its black colour.

Drug-zur-Nas, or the six-sided barley, is on the whole inferior to Yangkar Nas both in yield and in quality.

Wheat flourishes in Ladakh and constitutes a really nourishing and palatable food. The two varieties chiefly grown are Drokar, or white wheat, and Dromar, red wheat. It requires less manure than barley. The sandy soil is particularly suitable to the growth of wheat and excellent crops can be seen at 12,000 feet above sea-level. The wholewheat flour makes excellent bread.

A considerable quantity of buckwheat (Drawo) is cultivated, partly because it requires little manure and can flourish with a minimum of water. Its nutritive content bears no comparison with the locally grown barley or wheat.

The mustard plant (Nyungskar) is cultivated because it produces mustard oil for frying, or else illumination when a wick floating in oil serves in lieu of kerosine oil. Oil extracted from the kernels of apricots serves a similar purpose.

The average yield of crops in Ladakh is not much more than sevenfold, though travellers to this country have estimated it at a higher figure. Many peasants are too poor to apply sufficient manure upon their lands, so this alone would account for the apparently low yield of cereals. When there is a scarcity of manure the farmer will plough in the wheat stubble of a field, and occasionally he will leave a field fallow for a year or two before sowing it with wheat or barley.

Reaping is performed with a hook or sickle, the stems of the grain being cut as close to the soil as possible. The threshing and winnowing operations are those which have been practised for hundreds of years in the East—namely, threshing with oxen or donkeys tied to a centre pole in the threshing floor, and winnowing by the use of wooden forks, with which the chaff is thrown into the air and is blown away by the wind, the grain falling to the ground.

No matter where you go in the country you find that the people contrive to eke out a livelihood, though in most cases there is very little margin for luxuries even on a modest scale. This is due to the fact that the majority of peasants are born with a legacy of grain debts which it is obvious they have not the power to repay. In the meantime, when seeding-time comes round, they themselves borrow grain at 25 per cent. for about four or five months, by which time the crop is harvested. Down swoops the creditor to claim not only the interest but also the capital of the debt, leaving the peasant with the scantiest supply of grain with which he must support his family during the winter months. By that time he has consumed the grain which he should use for seeding, so he perforce must add to his accumulated debts by taking out another loan of grain. The grain stockist in this country is a usurer of the worst type, for he takes

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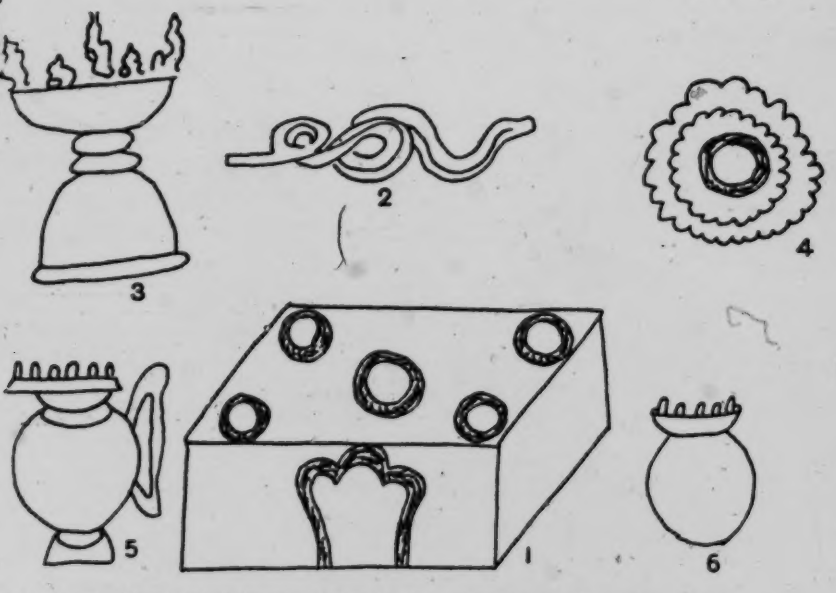
house, whilst a number of them are arranged in a row near the awning of the dwelling.

The members of the household then partake of *Tab-Zan*. This consists of a large dish of parched barley dough in the middle of which a hollow is made to receive the mustard oil which is poured into it. This large cake of dough is



1. *rGya-Tab* (Stove). This is the common earthen stove used by Ladakhis. It is 3 feet square and 1 foot high. In the front there is an aperture for putting in the fuel of sticks and dried manure, and on the top of it there are three holes for placing the cooking utensils. 2. *Dib-Rug*. Sheep's intestines. 3. *Bu-La*. Little lamps made of dough. 4. *Tab-Zan*. Parched barley dough with a hollow in the centre in which mustard oil is poured. 5. *Kal-jor*. Beer pot. 6. *Za-rgyan*. An earthen vessel in which beer is kept. Sometimes used instead of the *Kal-jor*. Both are ornamented with butter pats on special occasions, and also serve as butter offerings.

then divided into four equal parts, one part (*Tab La Rgya-Mo*), being placed on the earth stove (*Tab*) as an offering to the god of the hearth, one part (*Mag-Dung Rgya-Mo*) stuck on a large horizontal beam in the apartment, and one piece (*Sgo-Tag-Rgya-Mo*) stuck on the lintel of the front

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796 On the 10th day of the 7th month the festival of *Shrub*
252 *Hla* (god of the ears of corn) is held. This ceremony institutes the reaping of the harvest. No one may put his hand to a sickle until this function is celebrated. Barley and wheat are boiled until the grain is soft, when it is spread out to dry. It is then roasted, milled into flour, and finally kneaded into dough balls. The first ears of corn and the first fruits of the pea and buckwheat crop are next mixed into the dough balls, each family taking this to its family cremating[6] oven. Sheaves of grain are then fixed to the beams of the household temple, and also on cairns (*Hla-Tl*) in the neighbourhood.

796 On the completion of a feast in celebration of the in-
783 gathering of the crops, three men proceed to the nearest brook, taking a live sheep with them. There they have to bathe their bodies, and also dip the sheep in the water by way of purifying themselves and the animal. It is believed that once the sheep has been thus cleansed, it does not attempt to wander or escape. Leading the sheep, the trio makes for the local cairn (*Hla-To*) to which sheaves of corn, coloured rags, willow branches, and the tail of a yak are attached. Lots are now drawn amongst the three men to ascertain who must carry out the ceremony of sacrificing the sheep to the god.

796 The man thus chosen then proceeds to make a large incision in the breast of the sheep and tearing out its heart

[6] *Cremating Oven*

764 This oven is made from sun-dried mud bricks. Its dimensions are: 3 feet square and 4 feet high. On each of the sides is a small aperture about a foot from the bottom of the oven as vent holes. The corpse's back is broken immediately after death and the knees are drawn up to the head and tied securely. It is then carried on a man's back to the oven in which it is placed resting on stones placed at the base of it to serve as a grid. The more opulent prepare a box in which they place the corpse.